LONDON LIFE.

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MY LADY'S FLAME.

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It is almost incredible what transactions of an amorous nature are conducted in the establishments of the "elite" of society, and as few people are aware what important parts menial confidants play in the domestic comedies enacted by the great, we purpose this week to draw aside the curtain and disclose the very pretty scenes nightly enacted in my lady's boudoir; and beg in the outset to proclaim that if any objection is raised against our subject on the score of good taste, we are quite prepared to join issue with "one and all" in protesting that our "show" this week of refined assignation is of such a delicate "cast" and so evidently true to that portion of human nature which is now to appear, viz., high nature, that the most fastidious mind shall fail to discern, in any part of our exquisite entertainment, any word, look, or action, calculated to outrage decency or shock fine morality. Indeed, our subject is of far too polite a nature to admit of coarse interpretation, and however low the charge may be for seeing high life, we utterly repudiate any consideration that price may be cited as a criterion of worth, for we own to the soft impeachment that our mind is very philanthropic, and if we impart our high knowledge at a low price, it is in consideration of the ways and means of the million. Neither must it be imputed to us in dealing with fashionable secrets, that we desire to imply anything improper, or drag through the mire "my lady's" fair fame, for such an intention would be very uncharitable, and savour somewhat of the malicious. If "the king can do no wrong," surely a lady of high rank may be excused from the bare suspicion of it, and if she does indulge in a little private gallantry, does it not rather exhibit the admirable restraining influence of good breeding, in such a latitude being allowed for agreeable friendship, that no bar is placed against its intercourse by people of fashion, than insinuate that a beautiful woman cannot revel in dalliance without granting the last favour. Confidence, good friends, confidence in each other's honour, is the motto of the "upper ten," and such noble faith have they in its due recognition under the greatest temptation, that perfect liberty of action is mutually granted from the very threshold of matrimony. "Honour amongst thieves," you know, so honour amongst the great.

But it is very curious to note that, although scandal amongst the "ton" is the chief staple of their verbal amusement (for high conversation is the dullest of any), how jealous Lordly coteries are about their affairs of honour being blown to vulgar ears, or their refined pleasures exposed to the public gaze. Their code of rules for the regulation of etiquette prescribes against the habit of restraint which affects the "mediocrity," and rather affects a license of action than words, and yet how nervously anxious they are lest the freedom of communion established amongst themselves should infect the lower "strata," and liberty degenerate to vice; for surely it would be impossible for inferior creatures to wander so closely along the borders of virtue without overstepping the bounds of morality. The lofty in rank and station can do it, of course, with immunity from suspicion, for the constancy of their spirit is proof against occasion, and they do do it, and who shall say that the correctness of their behaviour is open to question. The Divorce Court indeed sometimes ventilates breaches of privilege, which often amounts to a betrayal of trust, and an abandonment of chastity, but those interesting cases, which are as much hushed from prying curiosity as circumstances will permit, are scarcely worth considering, they are so rare, and—and so very peculiar; certainly they are the excrescences, not the components of the great, for noble lords and fine ladies possess too sensitive a regard for the reputation of their station for trifling incidents like these to upset the equanimity of their minds, and lead them to indulge in public recrimination! besides, where is the cause, unless jealousy prompts it, and whoever knows this ridiculous weakness to sway the decorous patrician heart? The idea is too absurd for the entertainment of sense, being more fit for the diversion of trollops and clowns than the serious consideration of the leaders of society.

Having now, therefore, dismissed the presumptuous notion that greatness can err, let us revert to the incidents of our frontispiece, and endeavour to explain the particulars it depicts. It illustrates one of many episodes in select society, which it is our privilege to know and our duty to record, and we shall endeavour to acquit ourselves of our onerous task in no censorious spirit, as nothing appears but what an explanation may justify, for it is a well authenticated fact that "cousins may kiss," and we have yet to know that the gentleman introduced is not a cousin. It is true that the exchange of sentiment between "My Lady" and her maid may somewhat disconcert such a theory, for the maid is evidently privy to a clandestine appointment, and the wicked young rogue of an eavesdropping page, who, being troubled with the itch of curiosity, makes himself an unsuspected repository of "my lady's" secrets; he certainly, from his knowing expression, places his own construction upon the position of affairs, but then he is young, you know, and but little versed in the intricacies of high life, whereas the maid has been through the "ropes," and bears high testimonials for discretion—not that it matters so much to "my lady" who knows it in the family, for there is nothing wrong, you know, and my Lord and my Lady exist upon terms of an amicable understanding, for while she is intriguing with the earl he is dallying with the countess, and this, it must be admitted, is but a fair exchange of courtesy; but it would be very annoying to the fair dame for the liason to be broached abroad, and this is the reason she enjoins her maid to inviolable secrecy, while the saucy young imp stuffs his coat sleeve into his mouth, and hurries downstairs to——well, no matter!

In Paris affairs of the heart, or rather of the fancy, (for the heart has very little to do with arrangements repellant against its better instincts), are conducted with an open frankness, and an immunity from all apprehension charming to behold, but in London, although such courses are carried along with an unequivocal freedom that could only be accorded with safety to the great, yet conventionalism places its veto upon the risk of innocent diversion being subject to a guilty construction, and, therefore, "My Lady's" private amusements must be kept a profound secret, and very rarely indeed does the world discover any serious breaches of trust. To possess my lady's confidence is esteemed a high honour, and if rarely given is seldom betrayed, and most great ladies have secrets of some description to preserve, and, in her council, there is no dissension. The aristocratic French, indeed, are more demonstrative of their liberty, knowing, of course, that it is impossible for it to degenerate to license amongst immaculate beings, and, so, if they do not go so far as to allow their noble ladies to possess lovers, they recognise their privilege of receiving them, and many a delightful tête-a-tête ripples along in their private sanctums in all the assurance of conscious innocence; but in English society, decorum restricts this

institution to the refined audiences of platonic friendship, and so jealous are the great of rumour distorting facts, that they hedge their affairs around with becoming secrecy, not from any fear of detection, but from a noble apprehension of foul detraction. All other classes are beneath suspicion, but a lofty station attracts curiosity, and knowing that their affairs will be viewed through the lens of envy, the great keep them close with admirable constancy.

STREET CORNERS OF LONDON LIFE.

No. I.—Waterloo Road, York Road, and Stamford Street.

The four corners of these streets, which meet on the south side of Waterloo Bridge, are continually crowded with ever varying phases of character. One is noted as being the locale of the York Hotel, and is known as Poverty "Corner." The one diagonally opposite boasts of being the site of an eccentric shop, occupied by the more eccentric musical agent, Mr. Charles Roberts, and next door but one to this is the "Glass House" Tavern. The other corners are of no importance, as far as this article is concerned.

Let the reader accompany me first to the "York Hotel." In the early part of the morning, more especially when race meetings are on, this corner is the assembling point for hundreds of the betting fraternity, on their way to the adjacent railway station. Any one wishing to know "what's the odds" can soon have their question answered, and by walking a little way down a side street, many of these gentlemen will book a bet, and take your money, if a "bobby" doesn't happen to be in the vicinity. Of course, if you win, you can wait for them to come and settle, when they return in the evening. I say, emphatically, you can wait. But it is not to these gentlemen that the "York" owes its notoriety, for the proprietor, Mr. Wheeler, sets his face against the gang, and does not care for their custom, for were it not for his firmness and vigilance, they might not be too particular in the way of betting within his premises; this, however, he prevents, possibly with a loss of custom, but certainly with a gain to respectability.

No! It is about half-past eleven when the real habitués of "Poverty Corner" begin to turn up. Gentle render, they are all pros.,—music hall pros.; and those of an industrious and energetic turn, who live in the neighbourhood, and who rise early, manage to arrive at the corner *before noon*. They are first, second, and third class, as far as regards the bars they frequent. The first class haunt the wine bar on the Waterloo-road side, whilst the second and third class respectively use the parlour and the retail bar (the four-half bar) on the York-road side. The attraction is supposed to be the agents who procure them engagements, and whose offices in the vicinity cannot number less than a dozen:

> Agents fat and agents lean,
> Agents who have Comiques been,
> Agents great and agents small,
> Agents short and agents tall.
> Agents, all with one intent,
> To ease the pros. of five per cent.

But there are other attractions, viz., drinking and talking "shop." For talking "shop," I'll back one pro. against a dozen of any other trade or profession, and every one thinks he's the best in his line of of business. Thinks! He says so. Thinks! "Cela va sans dire." Who is this approaching, with the dress of a nobleman and the air of a millionaire? Fred Coyne, to be sure. And here comes another, with the dress of a hard-up man, and the air of a half-pennyonaire. Of course it's only the poor devil who writes Fred Coyne's words and music. That's Leybourne in the wine bar, drinking "Mumm's," and that's *his* author, drinking "pongelo" in the other. That's Nantipoloni, the King of the Acrobats, in his trap, and the ragged old man on the curbstone is only his old master, who taught him all he knows. This is a mad world, my masters. See that trio: George Ellis, the mad punster; Billy West, the mad stump orator; and Valentine, the mad wire walker. They don't look mad, and they're not dangerous; but talk to them. Ellis goes off into a firework display of puns. West cracks nigger wheezes like monkeys crack nuts, and Val. will stake his fortune upon a match with anybody for the supremacy in walking on nothing, or next door to it. Here comes a manager. "How do you do? So glad to see you! What will you have to drink?" The manager departs. "Well, he's a cad. Not me! I wouldn't work where he holds a position."

Reader, let us study their jewellery. Behold the diamonds in the first-class department! Brilliants in rings, in brooches, in scarf pins, and in studs. See the diamonds on Jenny Hill, the Vital Spark, and look with wonder on that watch chain belonging to her husband, and then go to the third-class and see the same style imitated in paste and Brummagem gold. The "York" is in fact a realm comprised of Lords, Commons and the masses; but over at the "Glasshouse" things are carried on in a more republican spirit. *There*, there is only one bar, where all pros. meet upon more equal terms. Otherwise all other matters are the same, the talk of "shop," the display of jewels, and the good opinion of self—still the same contrasts.

That's George Craig, the husband of Esther Austin; he has just refused two or three engagements, in order to rest and enjoy life at the sea side quietly until August. There, however, is another pantomimist, and dancer, who has done nothing since the pantomimes last year, and will probably do nothing until next boxing day. There is a comique of average ability, working six "turns" a night, jostling another, of equal talent, who has been "out" for fourteen weeks, whilst a third is telling a stranger that he is working the Mogul and the Middlesex, and receives congratulations from the greenhorn, who does not know that the "Mog." and the "Mid" are one and the same place.

Now the hat goes round the bar. "Bravo! A good subscription—fourteen pence. Who's got another 'two D?' That'll make a gallon of four half." "What's that? who says I can't dance better than Joe Brown? I'd dance him for his boots." "What d'ye think, cully? Nemo wanted me to send him my dresses for inspection before I went to his fête last week. Not for me; why, I have the best togs in the profession." "You have better?" "Get out." "Your red satin be blowed." "What! Come out, down Tenison street, and I'll give you something." "Here, Mitchell, here's a good idea for a song for me; write it at once, and I'll pay you (when I can)." "Don't like the title." "Not like such a title as that! Why, I thought of it myself. Well, if *you* won't write it, some one else jolly soon will." "Here, Mr. Smith, there's a tablespoon full short in this quart." "Hullo, here comes a 'donah.' How are you, Miss? Shall I carry your jug home for you?"

And so the conversation goes on till four or five o'clock, when the professional element at the corne. makes room for the perambulations, at night time, of ladies of the fairer and gentler sex, who are not particularly fair, and decidedly not gentle.

NOTICE.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.—"*London Life*" *will be forwarded by post for six months on receipt of stamps or* P.O.O. *for* 3*s* 3*d. Post office orders to be made payable to* HENRY PEARCE, *at Ludgate Circus*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—*It is requested that all communications on literary matters may be addressed to the Editor, and those on business to the Publisher,* 15, *Harp Alley, Farringdon Street, E.C.*

CLARA H—Y.—We really do not feel competent to give advice on such a delicate subject.

SATIRIST.—"Jemmy Mortimer" and "Hoppy-go-Fetch-it" are, we believe, going into the deepest mourning for the late Prince Imperial, and intend to do the liberal with their staff by placing them in black and white.

JOHN.—No doubt you have grave cause for complaint, but you are in error in thinking that any comments which have appeared in this journal have had any tendency other than as advocating your claims.

F.G. (Camberwell).—We shall be happy to avail ourselves of your assistance. Please write on one side only of your paper.

BARON.—It is all nonsense, supposing that Fordham has been left a large income by the late Baron Rothschild. Expend a shilat Somerset House and satisfy yourself.

FINE ART.—Thanks for your improvement (?) on our cartoon of the 28th ult, but we hardly think it would be altogether appreciated.

N. F. L-v-t-n(Dulwich).—Perhaps you will be kind enough to call for your copy. Our Office Boy is hardly able to support the weight of it.

LONDON LIFE.

SATURDAY, JULY 5TH, 1879.

ADVICE GRATIS.—Jester is gratified to find so many kind advisers of his own fraternity, dropping in with their gratuitous counsel. Why don't they come attired in motley, thereby qualifying their suggestions for consideration. When they come dressed in their true character, they shall have all attention. Not without, Oh dear no.

* *

The Soni-Euphonic Band, under the direction of Mr. J. C. Kent, know "London Life," the fame of both extending beyond "Canterbury." The reputation of both is extensive and extending, and together they wake up London. Fools are the boys for business.

* *

At the Royalty, the other evening, I was amused at the manner in which "Nicette" reflected the lime light by the aid of a hand mirror on the faces of those in the stalls, and very *nice it* seemed to be to them, They did not even "Blanche" under the infliction, and a very *nice set* of actors and and actresses they all were.

* * *

"Crutch and Toothpick," under the able management of Mr. Edgar Bruce, elicited, as usual, roars of laughter. Nellie Bromley never let the fun flag for a single moment. And as I *wheeled* about to take my departure, whom should I run foul of but Mr. "Barrow," who, as the leader of the orchestra, contributed so much to the general success of the performance, and amongst his able coadjutors *was* "Waas."

* * *

CLEAN LINEN.—In the *Dispatch* of June the 22nd, there appeared an article, entitled "Dirty Rags," which deals with the subject of Mr. O'Donnell's question in the House of Commons, concerning disgusting literature. Jester commends Mr. O'Donnell's views, and rejoices at the criticism the question has created, and when he is returned by an overwhelming majority for the next new interest directly to be represented in the house, viz., "The Press," will certainly press for "name." Certainly the press at any rate should give it. *One and All* is hawked about the streets, so is the *Referee* on Sundays, and both are published at the *Dispatch* office. Does the poor author of "dirty rags," whose makeup no doubt suggested the heading for—well, say his tirade—mean either or both of them? The fool would like to know, because in *London Life* there will shortly appear an article upon the same subject, under a more refined title, as Jester declines to join issue with anybody, or anything, "dirty."

* * *

Here's a lark. The *Dispatch* some time ago published some bitter articles against loan societies, and at the same time inserted loan office advertisements in their columns. Certainly they are wise enough to make good fools.

* * *

A subject for the morality of the age. Sunday newspapers.

* * *

If this should meet the eye of Colonel D——, Jester would be proud to make the acquaintance of a good officer, a brave soldier, and a perfect gentleman.

* * *

TO PLAYED-OUT JOURNALISTS.—A few suits of fool's clothing remain unused at the office of *London Life*, so don't scribble any more dull lines, but come forward, when sober, and be clothed in your right apparel, preparatory to being clothed in your right minds.

* * *

Thanks, my lady, but the poor fool must not disclose the author of "Nice Girls," as he is such a shy young man, as ugly as——, and as dull as ditchwater in conversation. You wouldn't like him, I can assure you. Besides he blushes. Quite confidential.

* * *

No, the rubicund gentleman in the office is not the author. He is a prudent man, so that dispels the illusion at once. It's no use writing to him, as he knows nothing.

* * *

TO POETS.—Jester being about to take his annual holiday, wishes for a substitute to wear the cap and bells.

* * *

Don't, George! don't be funny about other people's misfortunes. You certainly write splendid copy yourself, and can afford to be generous. But is this answer in *One and All* fair now?

* * *

"THOMAS B.—We do not intend to discuss political questions. The article you left at our office has been returned to you by Parcels Delivery. We cannot, as a rule, return rejected contributions; bnt as you say this article took you two years to write, and as the paper on which it is written must be worth something considerable at the mills, we have broken through our rule for once."

* * *

Oh! shouldn't I like to have a go with you and Samson. One down, t'other come on.

* * *

What a lucky man that hatter is near the "Elephant and Castle!" We are told that he won a large stake on the Derby, which will enable him to pay for the extra storey he has just had placed on his business premises.

* * *

Lord Chelmsford has not shown the least capacity for generalship throughout this unfortunate campaign, although he was considered one of the best players at the celebrated German War Game. People say his reputation is ruined as a general; certainly it would be if he ever had one to lose.

* * *

In the amalgamation scheme of the R.A.O.B., Bro. Taylor is very prominent. The three sections (?) have elected nine brothers each to represent them on the committee. Is the appointment of Bro. Taylor synonymous with the old adage, "that it takes nine *Tailors* to make a man?" If so, the great question of amalgamation will be settled by *three* worthies after all.

* * *

The other afternoon I happened to be at a Pianoforte Recital given at the Concert Chamber at St. James's Hall, but was utterly disgusted to find a "B flat." I was not aware that "B flats" were to form a part of the performance, otherwise I should certainly not have gone. It was not in the programme, but *on* it.

* * *

The D. T., not long since, gave a leader on Signor Rotura's so-called discovery of sending sheep, &c., in a state of trance across the Atlantic, to be awakened in England by the butcher's cruel knife. Is it an advertisement for some needy Hebrew, who may have been duped into the Signor's hair-brained ideas? The children of Israel do, it is said, help each other in adversity. But I suppose the D. T. uses scissors and paste, which are not required in *London Life*.

We have been informed that the would-be champion (Baker) of the London Road, after seeing the report in our last week's issue, was so excited at the announcement, that he had to be conducted home by several of his friends.

* * *

I noticed outside the "Vic." an enormous poster, announcing the production of "The Sole Survivor, a Tale of the Goodwin Sands." The artist who drew this picture has evidently been neither to Ramsgate or Margate, or he would have known that the Goodwin Sands are protected by three light ships, not by a light-house on the top of a rock.

* * *

We visited a lodge of the R.A.O.B., recently established, near the Clock Tower, Newington Butts. We thought, on entering the lodge, and, seeing a party in Highland costume sitting there, that we were in the presence of the Empress's John Brown, but we were mistaken, for when the individual in question took off his hat and exposed his bald head, we discovered that it was only the foul-mouthed Scotchman.

* * *

The conductors of the London Tramway Company are a very civil set. Perhaps the gentleman, though he can hardly be called so, who made a row, and then took the conductor's number, because he told him there was no room, would not have objected to pay the fine, costs, and loss of day's work, if the conductor had been summoned.

* * *

Snowball has disappeared from the "Elephant," the rumour is that she has got spliced. I should advise the husband not to keep gin in the house.

* * *

There are two young ladies living in the neighbourhood of King's Cross, who want to pass themselves off on two young men as very modest, etc. What do they do at the Aquarium of an evening?

* * *

Perhaps it is not generally known that there are 40,000 less men servants kept this year than two years ago, according to the returns. This proves how bad the times are!

* * *

Strolling down the Strand the other night, about eleven p.m. between Wellington Street and Charing Cross, I was accosted no less than eight times. One party, dressed in black, had the impudence, after I had refused her a drink, to tell me to go to a certain warm place.

* * *

There is a student in St. Thomas' Hospital who cannot write correct English, perhaps he is a German. The ladies at Brixton understand him well enough.

* * *

It seems, on the authority of a correspondent of the "Hereford Times," that at the request of some of his tenants, the Squire of Whitney Court, in lieu of allowing any discount off his rents, granted them the free use of his boats and nets to fish for one day in his noted salmon preserve in the river Weir.

* * *

The netting was not, however done by the tenants, but by the Squire's keeper Mr. H. M. Drew and his woodman. They fished from morn till dusk, with intervals for refreshment, of which however the keeper and woodman did not partake.

* * *

What did the tenants take besides their refreshment.

* * *

One salmon weighing 10lbs.

* * *

Now did the squire square the keeper, or did the tenants neglect to square him? There was evidently something wrong somewhere. But not on the Squire's side. He's all right.

* * *

Labby likes "*pigeons*" so much, that he cannot live without one, which he has now kept for some time; being an expensive one, he takes great care of it. People call him hard names, but, surely, keeping a "*pigeon*" seems an innocent amusement, does it not?

* * *

The irrepressible D. T. on Saturday last recommended to our notice *Occidental* refinement, some people might call it *Coal Hole* refinement.

* * *

The gallant Captain who is not likely to represent Birmingham, or anything else, excepting "Cockle's Pills," has just taken to himself a fair young bride.

* * *

It is to be hoped that he will give her something better than the pills he gave the natives of Central Africa.

* * *

Or else the noble B—rn—by might get locked up for *purgery*.

"Life," here below, we know is brief,
And I must here express belief,
That the *white* sergeant is the chief
Authority, who'll show her teeth,
When *wine* and *water* mixed are.

And that in Fleet Street she will show,
What most of us now full well know,
That really it is no go,
To down your throat attempt to throw
The wonderful elixir.

* * *

Milk O! Jester is impregnated with the milk of human kindness, which is never snowed up, then why, when great coats are the order of the day, have snowed milk at the People's Café Company, Farringdon Street, E.C.? Coffee made as they make it would surely be preferable. The proprietor, I am told, is a jolly good fellow, so are all other fools. as well as

JESTER.

FIREWORKS.

Squib is glad to find that Mr. O'Donnell, M.P., is seconding our efforts to put down vice and filth in our great metropolis. We certainly have always done our best to expose and put a stop to vicious literature, and although Mr. O'Donnell is a very small and unimportant item in the composition of our legislature, we heartily commend his efforts. We only wish that some one of a little higher position in the House had mooted the matter, and if that had been the case the "snub" received by O'D. might not have been so severe.

* * *

George Craig has taken a public-house not far from the Canterbury, now called the Carlisle Arms; it will in future be known as the "*Oil Painting*." Well, George, I wish you luck, but don't don that five year old Continental washing suit while drawing the beer; think of the number of house-flannels it will make.

* * *

A pal of mine has put me up to what I find to be "good business." That is to buy my clothes at the West of England Clothes Supply Association, next door to the Inns of Court Hotel in Holborn. It is easy to find a good tailor, but he is seldom cheap. It is easy to find a cheap tailor, but his goods are seldom good. The firm I mention is both good and cheap, a combination rare; but as Captain Cuttle remarked, "worth taking a note of."

* * *

Wandering westward in company with a friend from the country, I strolled into the Alhambra, where I was courteously received by Mr. Charles Morton, the genial manager. "Venice" is very well placed upon the stage, supported by Constance Loseby and Miss Emma Chambers, Messrs. Herbert Campbell, T. Power, the favourite Surrey comedian, Arthur Williams, and the two Conquests. The band, an important item, and the general entertainment, is all that can be desired.

* * *

At the Strand, "Madame Favart" is drawing good houses, as the representation deserves, supported by such accomplished artistes as Violet Cameron, Miss Barrington, M. Marius, Harry Cox, &c.

* * *

Ah! Harry! Squib has spent many a pleasant half-hour in company of yourself and others after work hours at Hampton Court Palace, and no matter what theatrical ship you are aboard of, you are always a good coxswain.

* * *

If I were a whale I should not condescend to have rows with sprats.

* * *

At the York Hotel Mr. Whale Chirgwin met Mr. Sprat Keeling. S. K. was accused of copping W. C.'s white eye, and the white eyed Kaffir riled. There was nearly a Zulu war between the two in that pretty little parlour, where a tankard is an abomination in the eyes of the landlord. Mr. Smith, of the Glass-house Tavern over the way, in Stamford Street, is attracting the pros, and the York reputation for harbouring comiques seems likely to fall to the Glasshouse. I was at the Corner commonly called Poverty Junction, once or twice last week, and found that the pros had migrated. I however soon found forty or fifty of them imbibing "pongelo" at Smith's.

* * *

I should think Wheeler is glad, for the language I have heard in that parlour did not seem very hotel—ly it was rather hot helly.

* * *

Now, I am on the roundabout, as *London Life* is blazing away, and has quite enough fireworks from

SQUIB.

REPENTANT MAGDALENS.

PERHAPS there is not a class of women in the world who have more cruel injustice done to them, by all kinds of society than those who having seen the error of their ways, endeavour for the remnant of their existence, to expiate their sins. In most cases of this kind, which have been carefully gone into, it is generally found that they have been more sinned against than sinning. In the majority of instances we find that their fall from the paths of virtue has been caused, not by their own evil disposition and desire, but by the vile misrepresentations and false promises, and satanic guile of some heartless scoundrel, who no sooner becomes tired of his new toy than he joins with the rest in decrying and abusing, what his evil passions have created, a "fallen woman." What cares he for the ruin he has wrought, be it followed by a watery grave or a life of splendid infamy! so long as he is not bothered for money it is a matter of utter indifference to him whate'er betide his victim, for he, like a hawk, is in search for another dove to soil.

It is by no means surprising, that there are to be found, comparatively speaking, so few and far between, truly repentant women, inasmuch as the reward meted out to them by the world is hardly such as to induce human nature to desire it.

Sneers, bitter scorn, and unbelief alike, Magdalens receive at the hands of those whose duty it should be to be kind and gentle to those whose life of atonement and actions prove how nobly they strive to do their duty. And who are those, as a rule, who are first and foremost in their outcry against them.

Women there are, ofttimes of high position, whose frailties are known right well to the few, but as long as they can disguise their inmost lives of shame, continue to received and honoured.

Many and many a high born dame might appear to shudder even at the mention of a repentant Magdalen, but will consider it no crime to deceive her Lord as often as opportunity or desire presents itself. These are the judges of their erring sisters, and most merciless is their judgment. Nothing will induce them to receive amongst themselves any poor girl whose past life has had a shade of suspicion attached to it, no matter how truly her actions may prove the deep sincerity of her repentance. To be shunned and avoided by all is her doom, and the least indiscretion, she may be ever guilty of is at once with sinister malignity turned into a crime by the crafty ingenuity of her enemies. Men also do their best to hint all manner of evil against her, and rake up stories of the past, but the villainy of her destroyer is rather applauded than otherwise, as fast men are now-a-days special favourites of the ladies.

Match-making mothers are quite blind to what are termed the "early indiscretions" of the wealthy suitor, who asks their daughter's hand, so long as he has a heavy balance at his banker's.

Some of the best wives are to be found in the truly repentant Magdalens, but no matter how blameless their after lives may be, the brand of social disgrace for ever clings to them, and virtuous society does its best, as it were, to drive them back into the vortex of shame from which they have escaped, by shunning and maligning the poor weary outcast who has possibly seized the first chance of departing from the wreck of her past life, to which her destroyer had abandoned her. These are not the women who so frequently figure in the Divorce Court, but those who despise them, the ladies of high degree for whom not a shadow of excuse can be found for their treachery and false-heartedness!

Wealth, social position, and virtue they have forsaken, driven as it were onward by their vile nature, masked, it is true, by the most consummate hypocrisy.

Many and many a poor repentant Magdalen, after doing her uttermost to retrieve the past, has at last been broken down by the social tyranny of society; and is hounded, as it were, to death by those, forsooth, whose lives are as it were a living lie. This is the justice which is dealt out by the "World" to the best efforts to do what is right and good, by the victim of a broken life.

But when her end draws nigh she will have her only reward on earth by feeling she has done her best to do her duty, in spite of all the obstacles placed in her path by so-called "Virtuous Society."

Let the Great Judge judge them both the last day, and then, and then only, will justice be done.

MAN ABOUT TOWN.

THE LAST DAYS OF CREMORNE.

It was one lovely night in the middle of June, 1877, that I paid my last visit to one of the most famous and notorious pleasure gardens in Europe, now since passed away, and I will endeavour to give you some idea of what the gay Cremorne was ere it was levelled to the ground. Ranelagh and Vauxhall each had their day, and last, but not least, came Cremorne Gardens, which will be remembered as long as Chelsea lasts, and the recollection of it will be handed down as a tradition to the next generation.

Between the hours of 10 and 12 on the still June night of which I speak, the King's Road, Chelsea, was one continuous stream of cabs, each endeavouring to arrive first at the "World's End," which was at the gates of Cremorne. An immense star of dazzling splendour shone with meteor-like brilliancy, bathing the road for some distance before arriving at the entrance in a flood of silver light. On arriving at the gates a turnstile had to be passed through before entering into the Gardens, which were beautifully and artistically arranged with flower beds on a lawn of emerald green and velvet softness, through which was a broad gravel path, and situated within a few yards of it were placed two life-sized statues of the great Napoleon and Wellington facing each other.

This broad walk terminated in a large circular space, having a raised platform devoted to dancing in its centre, and a raised kiosque where the musicians played a variety of lively dance music throughout the evening. The promenade was round and round this platform, on one side of which was situated supper-rooms, the other charming little arbours, which looked down on the promenade, and in which private suppers were served, and at a short distance from which was the theatre, where a performance was carried on every evening throughout the season. Drinking bars and various stalls filled up all available spaces, not forgetting shooting galleries and other so-called fun of the fair.

The whole of the Gardens were illuminated by millions of variegated lamps, which lent an almost fairy aspect to the scene.

It is now close on 11 p.m., and the fair legions of St. John's Wood, Pimlico and Fulham, not forgetting Chelsea, are pouring in thick and fast, resplendent in gorgeous apparel, the costliness of some of their

dresses and old lace, being almost equal to a king's ransom in old times.

The sheen of gold and sparkle of brilliants equals if it does not surpass some worn by virtue's peerless daughters, and it is not to be wondered at, as in more than one instance a noble earl lent his family jewels to a fair one.

The clubs have sent a goodly gathering of the "jeunesse dorée," and members from both houses are also to be seen amid the circle which continually winds round and round the dancing platform. The band now strikes up some soft voluptuous waltz, and there is indeed, in the fullest acceptation of the word "a scene of revelling by night," which has possibly never been eclipsed, even by the gay "Mabille."

Cast a glance at those snug little arbours in which several repasts are being served worthy of a Lucullus. Who is that ancient beau whose eyes seem, by copious draughts of champagne, to have borrowed the light of youth once more, as he passes the Cliquot to his charming vis-a-vis? He is the notorious Lord Wildoats, whose life has been a sacrifice to the shrine of pleasure, but still he clings with palsied but fervid grasp to the altar of Venus.

See a little further down is the notorious Captain Dashampton, celebrated for his choice and taste in pretty women, with whom his success excites the envy of the men. who ungenerously hint dark things about his game at écarté, which, although it is a masterpiece of science, has never yet been soiled by dishonour.

The lovely girl by his side reminds one more of Byron's Haidee than a notorious actress at the Strand Theatre. In the next box you will see Mrs. Golightly, whose beautiful face caused her to be a photographic celebrity, but her thick veil was not sufficient to disguise such a lovely woman, who wished to see Cremorne out of mere curiosity before its end, and let us hope it was her husband who gratified her whim. A sudden whiz is heard, and rushing up skywards a blazing rocket proclaims the fireworks have commenced, and a sortie is made forthwith to that fiery spectaculum, alike by the belted Earl, and Phryne, and humble 'Enry with his fair charmer. The brilliant hues of many coloured fires light up with a weird and sensuous light the midnight orgie, and Father Thames, himself of solemn aspect, reflects for the last time the showers of golden light as they fall. The firework display was, as usual, splendid, being under the direction of a famous artiste engaged by Mr. Baum, for the special purpose of designing and also carrying out the whole entertainment. The noise was so great that all Chelsea reverberated with the sound, to which Canon Cromwell objected so much that he always did his best on licensing days to oppose it.

When the pyrotechnical display had terminated, the gay revellers returned once more to promenade round the eternal circle which surrounded the dancing platform, and as it was near the hour of closing, some of our golden youth did not disdain one short voluptuous waltz with Laïs and Aspasia, for dancing had been left entirely during the former part of the evening to shop boys and girls who had come to Cremorne for a dance.

What with the trembling light of the variegated lamps, and the voluptuous music and flashing eyes of lovely women, and the bright laughter of their companions as they whirled them through the mazy dance, the tout ensemble was a midnight revel, worthy of Sardanapalus himself, the whole scene bespoke abandonded and lustful luxuriant splendour, regardlesss of all else, except the present excitement of this last galop of Cremorne.

The band now plays "God save the Queen," and the gay revellers depart, some, 'tis true, alone, but the greater number seek consolation in the gay bowers of Phryne and her sisterhood, and over whose loves 'twere better to let the Queen of Night draw her veil. One by one the stragglers pass through the gates of what was once called Cremorne, and which has "left a name to other times, linked with no virtues, but a thousand crimes."

SWELL WOMEN.

(CONTINUED).

It was Roland who gave the grand dinner-party where Annie was first introduced to her prey.

It was Roland who refused to allow my Lord Tom Noddy, who hadn't a sou about him, to pay for the entertainment.

It was Roland who subsequently gently hinted that my lord ought to return the hospitality of Miss Montmorency Vere-de-Vere.

It was Roland who suggested that if it was not convenient to pull out the coin that there was an illimitable supply at his command.

It was Roland who, when the return banquet was given, arranged with the accommodating jeweller to send in some twelve thousand pounds worth of jewellery, from which his lordship and Annie might select a few trifles.

But it was Annie herself who quickly selected the whole lot, tray and all, and left Roland to mourn that his faith in woman had once more been misplaced, and to wonder who was the lady who had lately arrived in Paris, and was obliged, by unforseen circumstances, to raise a considerable amount on her diamonds, &c.

But Annie was only a type of her class. I could name fifty more, would it serve any good purpose to do so, who have practised precisely similar dodges.

They are nearly all alike.

They not unfrequently marry their paramours, and when this does happen the balance of disadvantage is decidedly on the side of the "swell woman."

She is pretty sure, eventually, to have to find her husband in funds out of the proceeds of her miserable avocation.

I could mention many instances where men, sometimes possessed of property of their own, sometimes the sons of wealthy fathers, not unfrequently with handles to their names, and in one instance a man boasting the title of lord, and ex M.P., who have first been fleeced by these women and subsequently married them and lived on them.

"You cannot touch pitch without being defiled," and although I do not pretend here to set myself up as a teacher of morality, I cannot conclude these remarks without speaking as I do, as a man who has had a large experience of the class, emphatically warning all young men of position and property, on first entering London life, to avoid, as they would the plague, the "Swell Woman."

To those who have their own way to make in the world no word of caution, at all events against this individual, is at all necessary.

The Duke of Cambridge is to hold a levee at the War Office in July. One hundred and fifty invitations have been issued.

* * *

His Royal Highness will "borrow" King Coffee's umbrella for the occasion, and the distinguished guests invited are all to be provided with sunshades, and fans, smelling bottles, and cakes of hokey-pokey.

* * *

Held during the dog days the general public will feel relieved from anxiety, as all the whelps and curs of the West-end will be kennelled at the Horse Guards that day. There will, consequently, be no cases of hydrophobia in the streets while the levee lasts.

* * *

"The muddle and Jumble system of warfare" is the last definition of the Frere-Chelmsford fiasco in South Africa.

* * *

For months past the duty of the British army in Zululand has been to carry stores and ammunition from one place to another, and then to take them back again to the place from whence they came. There are no Zulus to fight, and our soldiers serve the purpose of beasts of burthen. It is not surprising, therefore, they are getting inured to the lash.

* * *

It is not true the Prince of Wales, fired with martial (Field Marshal) ardour, is about to proceed to the Cape, to avenge the Prince Imperial. His Royal Highness would rather *es*-Cape from danger than seek it.

* * *

Where is the Duke of Connaught? He prefers reposing in the bosom of his family, or somewhere else.

* * *

But is it true that the British soldier in Africa is disgracing his cloth by going out of his way to fire and destroy, wantonly, farms and villages, which are not even in disputed territory?

* * *

Is this according to the rules of civilized warfare, Sir Michael of the adder tongue?

* * *

The Home Rulers have been doing noble service on behalf of the British soldier, by opposing, tooth and nail, flogging in the Army.

* * *

They have so far succeeded in their object as to compel the Government to meet them half way, by reducing the lashes, in the Army Discipline Bill, from fifty to twenty-five More power to their elbows.

* * *

The Charity Commissioners appear to think that Charity begins at home. They look after themselves first, and their duties afterwards. The Commissioners and Staff absorb nearly £33,000 per annum, for doing the least they can.

* * *

Lord Kimberly says there never was an office which took so long a time to answer a letter; while the Charity Commissioners did as no other office did. They took a long vacation, during which all correspondence remains unanswered.

* * *

Lord Clinton, who gets £1200 out of the haul, says that at no period of the year is the office entirely closed. But he does not deny that, though the offices are not absolutely shut out the Commissioners are absent. There are porters there to give impertinent answers to unwelcome visitors.

* * *

Sir Stafford Northcote, at the Tower Hamlets Conservative gathering, declared himself to be "The Martyr of Circumstances."

* * *

Of course members continue to ask disagreeable questions, which put the Chancellor on the rack, since he finds it most inconvenient to answer them. Some of them he considers "beneath his notice," but they go a long way to open the eyes of the public to the underhand botching and bungling of the Cabinet of Defiance.

* * *

The Powers continue their protests—and by the powers they may—against the violation of engagements by the Porte. The Sultan's promises are of the piecrust order—made to be broken.

* * *

His Highness protests, with the Powers, that a beggar cannot afford to keep his word. If Europe would only supply money, the Porte would see what it could do towards making an earthly paradise of its harems.

* * *

The Bonapartists have had a meeting at the Cirque Fernandez, Paris, to consolidate themselves into a compact body like compressed tea.

The crowd outside gave loud cheers for the Zulus. Rouher and Paul de Cassagnac may put this in their pipes and smoke it. It shows what kind of sorrow fills the breasts of the protelariats of France.

* * *

Pietri, the head of the secret police during the Empire, seems to be the depository of the Prince Imperial's secrets. "Show me his companions and I will tell you the manner of man he is," is an old but true proverb; and we no now know what might have been the fate of thousands of Frenchmen had the young pretender lived.

* * *

It is said the defunct Prince made will. Yes, he made a will—to go to the Cape—and took it with him. It was his own; he left it in a mealie field when those he was reconoitering reconnoitred him, to the sorrow of the men of December.

* * *

The Government shows signs of relenting. They are coquetting with the Irish members. Sir Stafford no longer calls them obstructives; he acknowledges Ireland is wronged; she will be righted—by promises.

MAYFAIR.

Pluck I must have which is most rare,
And badly, I'm afraid, I'll fare,
When I some frightful comments dare
On holy ground to make. Well, there,
Presume to criticise Mayfair.

Is it not lovely, sweet and fair?
Do they not all the virtues share
Amongst them those whose only care,
Is that they ne'er may in despair
Be driven far from sweet Mayfair.

But really I must here declare,
Places I know, which could compare,
E'en favourably with this, and where
They'd scorn the tricks which make you stare
At *London Life* as in Mayfair.

There they've a way that's debonair,
A jaunty fascinating air,
Which makes you think that no dull care
Could ever sit behind the pair,
Who're domiciled in our Mayfair.

But if they laid their conscience bare
To public gaze, but 'tis unfair,
Stories to tell, to make your hair
To stand on end, but it is there,
Even in virtuous Mayfair.

Not far away from B—kl—y Square,
Where Lords and Dukes collected are,
Some little games are practised there,
Which would be hardly reckoned fair
Anywhere else but in Mayfair.

In fact you would become the care
Of one you'd find it hard to "*square*,"
Were you to try it anywhere,
Away from the enchanted glare
Which only beams on dear Mayfair.

But there, their virtue is so rare,
Upon my word, that you would ne'er
Discover there was any there;
But rather vice, if not aware
That you were in our pure Mayfair.

So that your minds you must prepare,
The terrible shock to bear,
That 'tis not alwas those who wear
A fair outside, who really are,
E'en though residing in Mayfair.

Much better than they ought to "*were*,"
But rather worse in fact its clear,
That of our wickedness its share,
Has duly been apportioned there,
Vice is not absent from Mayfair.

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